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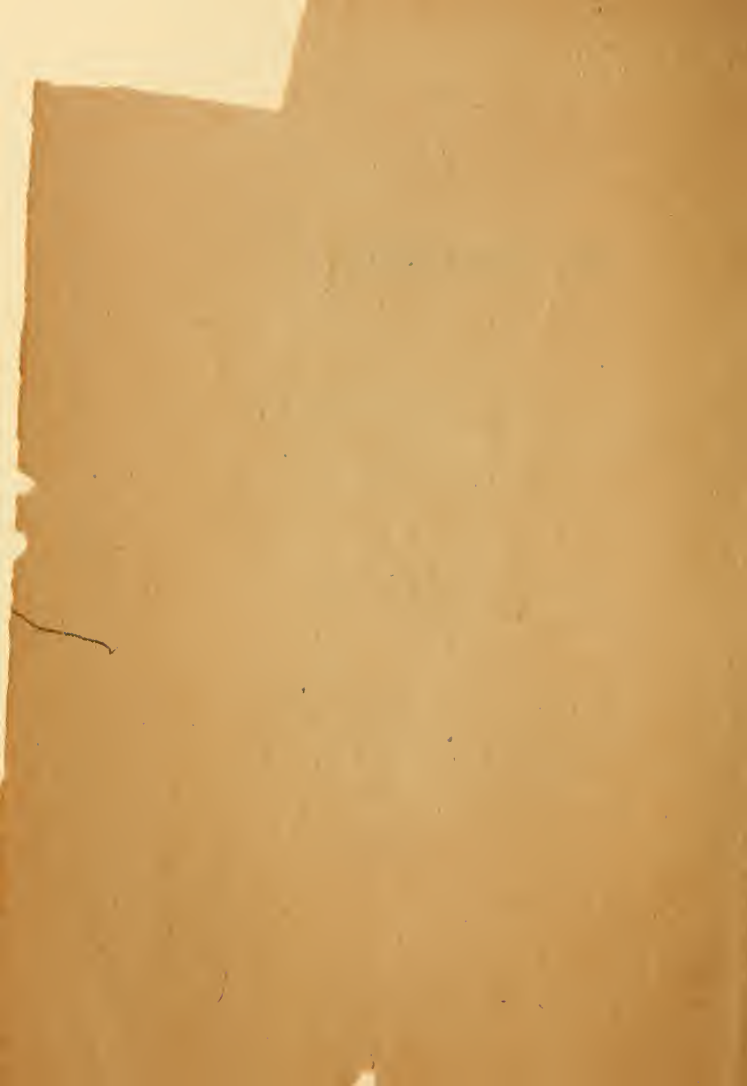
# The Shining Mystery.

## A MINING DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS.

BY DR. ALBERT CARR.

Oh! blest be thine unbroken light!  
That watched me as a seraph's eye,  
And stood between me and the night,  
Forever shining sweetly nigh.

BYRON.



The Shining Mystery.

A MINING DRAMA IN  
FOUR ACTS.

BY

Dr. ALBERT CARR.  
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HILL CITY, S. D.

1909.

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### CAST OF CHARACTERS.

PETE MERTON. An old prospector.

JOHN MERTON, His wealthy brother.

PAUL EATON. A young miner.

JIM KRIMMER. An assayer.

HEMP ROODEN. A claim-jumper,

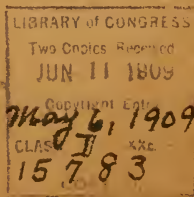
POLIE DOBENHEIMER. A wandering Dutch-  
man.

BIDA. The Shining Mystery. Daughter of  
Pete.

MARIA MERTON. Sister to Pete and John.  
Her fad is geology.

MOLLY MORIARITY. An Irish woman. The  
miner's friend.

LITTA, Little daughter of Paul and Bida.



121  
one, June 1915, 1916

# The Shining Mystery.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. A mountain park in the Black Hills. Molly Moriarity's cabin rear center. Large spruce tree R. Rock L. Hemp and Pete discovered R. playing cards on an old bench under the spruce tree.

Hemp. I raise you, my pile.

Pete. I'm out of dust.

Hemp. Then the pot's mine.

Pete. No; show up first, Hemp.

Hemp. Well, here it is—four jacks and a queen. Beat that, old Pete, if you can!

Pete. I can beat it. Four kings and an ace beats it, don't it?

Hemp. (*Presenting pistol.*) But it don't this, you old dog! This is what the boys call the joker.

Pete. Hemp, you're a dirty cheat!

Hemp. I am, am I! (*Seizes Pete.*

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*Strikes at him with butt of pistol.)*

Enter Molly from cabin.

Molly. (*Flourishing rollingpin.*) Let go av the old man, ye cowardly spalpeen. Gim'me that pishtol. (*Grabs Hemp's pistol.*)

Hemp. That dust is mine.

Pete. Not a grain of it, Molly.

Hemp. You lying old dog! See, Molly, I had four kings and an ace. (*Picks up and shows Pete's hand.*)

Pete. Hemp Rooden, I did think—

Molly. Yis, an I think so meself, Pater. So off wid you, Himp, an lave the money to him it belongs to.

Hemp. I tell you, Molly, that dust is mine, and I will have it, woman or no woman.

Molly. Divil a grain, ye darkfaced cutthroat! No, not if I die for it.

Hemp. (*Seizing her pistol hand, he wrenches pistol from her.*) Then die, you Irish fool!

Enter Polie Dobenheimer R.

He picks up rollingpin which Molly dropped in her struggle with Hemp, and strikes him a violent blow on back. Hemp drops pistol. Polie picks it up.

Hemp. (*Walking humpback to L.*) My God, my back 's broke!

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Polie. Of you dont look oud, you kill somepoty.

Hemp. (*Dropping down on rock. L.*) well, I'll be—oh, my back!

Molly. Serves ye right, ye blagard, for thryin to murther a poòr woman.

Polie. Vell, Missus, now dot veller 's quiet, vill you blease dell me vot blace dis is?

Molly. Indade, I will, for yer a lad av the thru shtripe. This is Ghost Canyon.

Polie. Ghost Canyon! Is dere some ghosts here?

Molly. There 's no ghosts here, but a sort av a female shpirit, they calls the Shining Mystery. It has appeared near your cabin, has it not Pater?

Pete. I wish you would give me a drink, Molly. A drink of something strong. I'm weak as a cat.

Molly. Deed I will. Pater. Come, I'll help you. (*Assists Pete to rise*) Aisy, Pater. Now, moind Himp; take your thaivin carcass out o' this, or I'll foind thim as will take it out for ye. Come, Pater. (*Leads Pete into cabin.*)

Polie. Is your back petter?

Hemp. No, you infernal sauerkraut!

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Who the devil are you, anywyy?

Polie I bin a Dutchman. My name is Polie Polie Dobenheimer.

Hemp. Dobenheimer! You hit like a sledgehammer.

Polie. (*At bench.*) Vot's dis? Cart spiel! You blay some carts?

Hemp. Yes! (*Polie picks up sack of gold dust, and backs to cabin door, eye on Hemp.*) Say, (*Rising.*) that dust 's mine.

Polie, (*Putting dust in pocket.*) Vell, all right, I keep it vor you. I bin a bank. und der veller vot kicks, gets nix. Ver-stay? (*Points pistol at Hemp.*) Skix! (*Hemp jumps. Polie exits into cabin.*)

Hemp. (*Crossing to R. and sitting down on bench.*) Done up and knocked out on the first deal. I must make a raise, somehow, and get out. This camp seems to be goin' agin me.

Enter Jim Krimmer L.

Jim. Hello, Hemp! Just the feller I'm looking for.

Hemp. What's up, Jim?

Jim. Nobody round, is there?

Hemp. No, they're all inside.

Jim. What's the matter?

Hemp. Had a little tursle with Molly and her gang,—curse 'em! That's all.



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Jim. (*Showing specimen.*) Look at that rock.

Hemp. (*Examining specimen*) Why, its the real thing!

Jim. It's a bird, is'nt it?

Hemp. It's full of free gold.

Jim. No need to assay that!

Hemp. Where did you get it, Jim?

Jim. On old Pete Merton's dump.

Hemp. Is the claim staked?

Jim. Yes, his cabin stands on it.

Hemp. Jim, we must have that claim. You understand, must have it. Old Pete must deed it to us.

Jim. Hemp, you'r a bird!

Hemp. There's a million in it, if there's a cent!

Jim. But how will you get it out of him?

Hemp. Leave that to me. Meet me tonight near the burnt shaft, and we will arrange the business. That claim must be ours. (*Exit L.*)

Jim. Hemp, you'r a bird! (*Exit L.*)

Enter Pete from cabin, followed by Molly.

Molly. Don't go tonight, Pater. I'm afeared that villain will do you harm.

Pete. No, Molly, I've nothing to fear. Nothing ever bothers my cabin but that

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spirit—that phantom of the daughter, who disgraced me. But I soon get rid of that. I curse it, and that drives it away, (*Exit L.*)

Molly Oh, when 'll this all end!  
(*Exit into cabin.*)

SCENE II. A mountain park in the Black Hills. Enter John and Maria Merton L. Maria has a little hammer in her hand.

John. I fear, sister Maria, we have lost the path.

Maria. Well, John, we can study the formation while we are looking for it. Now, this rock is what is called apatite.

John. Indeed, Maria, appetite is a thing easily found in these mountains. (*Enter Jim Krimmer R.*) Well met, sir! Can you tell me the way to Molly Moriarity's?

Jim. Yes, sir. It's not half a mile below. You're a stranger in the Black Hills, are you not?

John. I am, sir, in search of a brother.

Jim. (*Aside.*) I'll bet a bird he's a mining speculator. (*Aloud.*) You are not looking for a good mine, are you?

John. My brother has a claim—

Jim. What's your brother's name?

John. Peter Merton. Do you know him?

Jim. Well, I should say! He's my chum—my partner—my companion—

John. Indeed, sister, we're in luck. (*To Jim.*) This, sir, is my sister, Maria.

Jim. Pleased to meet you ma'm. My name's James Krimmer. I'm an assayer and dealer in mines.

Maria. Then, you are familiar with the great science of Geology?

Jim. Know every word of it. It's a bird, is'nt it?

Maria. I am delighted to meet an intelligent miner, at last. I suppose you have examined the strata with great care; and, in the lower formations, discovered some valuable fossiliferous remains?

Jim. Certain, ma'm, certain! I discovered one, in particular, mentioned by Dana, and called the great—er—er Hippodoodle. Oh, it's a bird! Has a head like a mule; teeth like an alligator, and a tail like a sea-serpent. I never assayed it; but it's a bird, sure!

Maria. A bird! From your description, it resembles a lizard.

Jim. When I say bird, ma'm; I

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mean that it's uncommon. Just my way of speaking.

Maria. I understand.

Jim. (*To John*) If you want a mine, sir; I've got a claim, called the Gold Bird, that goes two thousand to the ton.

John. Most tons do.

Jim. I mean, in free gold, sir, Now, if you'd like to buy a claim, sir; I'll sell you the Gold Bird, at a bedrock price.

John. No, my brother has a claim, which, if as rich as I have reason to believe it is, will not only satisfy his ambition, but mine. Here is some of the ore. (*Shows Jim specimen.*) What do you thiuk of it?

Jim. (*Aside.*) The same stuff I found on the dump. (*Aloud.*) That is rich ore, sir.

John. How far is Peter's cabin from here?

Jim. Six miles on a beeline; forty of climbing. You stop at Molly's until tomorrow; and I'll come and show you the way to Pete's.

John. (*Looking at watch.*) It's too late to send Peter word, that we are here. Well, Mr. Krimmer, we'll do as you say. Now, show us the way to

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Molly Moriarity's.

Jim. Keep to your right arround the edge of the mountain, and you cannot miss it. You will see the path, (*Points off right.*) when you reach that large tree, yonder.

John. (*Going.*) Come, Maria. You will come early, Mr. Krimmer. An early start will give us plenty of time to climb and for Maria's geological observations.

Jim. It will be a delightful trip, sir. I can point out so much, that will be of special interest to the lady.

Maria. You are an intelligent miner.

Jim. Yes ma'm. I pride myself on that point. (*Aside.*) Oh, I'm a bird!

John. Remember, sir; early. (*Exit John R. followed by Maria. She makes a low bow to Jim. He returns bow extravagantly.*)

Jim. This does beat all calculation! Stumbled right on to it. I'll bet that John Merton has the coin. I'll soak him with the Gold Bird, or die a trying.

Enter Hemp L.

Hemp. It must be done tonight.

Jim, Hemp, Pete's brother is here. Just talked with him.

Hemp, His brother!

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Jim. Yes: and he showed me some of the same ore I found on Pete's dump. Pete wrote him it was rich as mud.

Hemp. This explains why Pete would'nt let anybody visit him; and, why he lived so like a hermit.

Jim. We must get him away, somehow, after he signs over the claim.

Hemp (*Menacingly*.) I'll get him away.

Jim. What do you mean, Hemp?

Hemp. To kill him.

Jim. Good God, we must n't do that!

Hemp. (*Hemp holding up flask*.) Do you see this liquor?

Jim. Yes.

Hemp. Its poisoned. We'll let the old fool kill himself, after he signs.

Jim. I can scheme, Hemp; but when it comes to killing,—I'm not in it.

Hemp. (*Contemptuously*.) Oh, come on! (*Exeunt Hemp and Jim L.*)

Enter Polie R. with two big pistols in his belt, and a gun.

Polie. Molly tole me, dot I better go und look after der olt man. She sait: she's afraid dot broken back rascal vill do him some mongkey business, Acht, das musz nicht sein! (*Exit L.*)

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SCENE III. Another part of the mountain park. Large rock center.

Enter Hemp and Jim R.

Hemp. That telegram is just the thing. It's lucky you happened have a blank in your cabin.

Jim. I've got everything in my cabin.

Hemp. Yes, everything, but cash and a good looking woman.

Jim. Well, if we carry this deal through, I'm durned, if I don't work 'round that sister of Pete's.

Hemp. Who, the stone-cracker, you was telling me about?

Jim. Yes; and she's a bird! She says: I'm an intelligent miner.

Hemp. I've heard of those fellows, Jim. They see everything; know everything; but never find anything. (*Looks off L.*) That's a horse and buggy coming down the road, isn't Jim?

Jim. Sure.

Hemp. It stops—a man gets out—ties his horse to a tree—and he's coming this way—and a—What the deuce is it, Jim?

Jim. A child—a little child.

Hemp. Jim, I'm going to hold him up. He looks like a tenderfoot.

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Jim. By thunder, no! I'm no highway man.

Hemp. I want a little change to carry our affair through. A few hundred to old Pete would establish confidence.

Jim. Well, if you're going to robbing, I'm going home. I'm no crow!

Hemp. No, you're a snipe! A bird-livered sniveler! Go hide somewhere, and leave this job to me.

Jim. I tell you, Hemp, I'm willing to take part in a little mining transaction; but when it comes to a deal like this, I'm not in it. You'll have to do this business by yourself.

Hemp. Go to the devil!

Jim. Don't hurt him, Hemp. (*Exit R.*)

Hemp. (*Looking off L.*) I wonder what he's got in the basket. I'll soon find out. (*Ties handkerchief over lower part of face, and hides behind rock.*)

Enter Paul Eaton L. leading Litta, and carrying a lunch basket.

Paul. Here is a pleasant spot, Litta. I am afraid darkness will over-take us before we reach Molly Morarity's. Papa's baby sleepy?



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Litta. No, papa; very ungy.

Paul. Well, Litta shall have some supper. (*Takes food from basket.*) Here is some nice cake. (*Gives Litta cake.*) I wish mama was here. But she's gone, and papa does n't know where. Oh, Bida, I must find you; I must find the mother of my child. I'll sing to forget my sorrow. (*Sings.*)

Hemp. (*Advancing and covering Paul with pistol.*) Throw up your hands, my warbier, and surrender your dust.

Paul. (*Rising, he holds up hands. Litta clings to Paul's knee, and cries.*) Come, partner, be decent. Take a part of what I have, and leave me a stake to begin again with.

Hemp. All I want of you is your dust; and I want all of that. No fooling, now; or I'll make an orphan of your kid before you can bat your eye.

Paul. I have met men low in the scale of humanity; but you are the dirtiest, lowest, vilest cur, I have ever met. (*Polie appears R.*)

Hemp. Now, look-a-here stranger, another of your compliments, and down goes the trigger. (*Polie points gun at Hemp.*)

Paul. (*Cooly and quietly.*) There is

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a man behind you, with a gun pointed at your head.

Polie. Skix! (*Hemp turns head; Paul seizes his arm and wrenches pistol from him. Polie advances, gun on Hemp.*) Say, Mr. Prokenpack, of you don't look oud, you kill somepoty.

Paul. Hold him, my friend, until I carry the child to the buggy. If he attempts to escape, blow out his brains.

Polie. You bet, I make leberwurst of him. (*Exit Paul with Litta L.*) You're vone of dose bad vellers: a regular gelt syiper. (*Hemp makes dodging feint.*) No, mongy business, now. You hear dot? (*Hemp dodges right and left, confusing Polie. Hemp springs into the air; turns, and runs off L. F. E. Enter Paul L. R. E, as Hemp disappears.*) Vell, py tam!

Paul. Where is he?

Polie. He shumped over my het shoost like a circus, und run away.

Paul. Which way did he go?

Polie. I denk he vent straight oop. (*Polie crosses to R.*)

Paul. I'll see you again, my friend. (*Hurries off L.*)

Polie. I petter hurry too, or may be dot robber veller kill somepoty pefore I

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get dere. (*Polie holds gun with both hands, horizontally, on right shoulder; Orchestra strikes up tune. "Jonny get your gun; " Polie crosses to R. with goose-walk and exits.*)

CURTAIN.

### ACT II.

SCENE I. Pete's cabin R. with side open: table and chairs in it: bunk rear. Shaft and windlass L. Large stump C. Dark, heavily timbered surroundings. Time, night. Rocky eminence back and rear of cabin.

Enter Pete R.

Pete. Well, here's the old cabin, at last, with it's millions under it. By this letter, I may expect John, any day. I wish he would come. I've made an enemy of Hemp Rooden, and he may do me harm. (*Enters cabin; lights candle; sits at table; puts on glasses; takes sealed letter out of pocket, and examines it.*) Here is a letter I haven't opened. I wonder who it's from. It's postmarked, Denver. (*Tears letter open.*) Ha—from Paul Eaton! The cowardly

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libertine who ruined my daughter; and then sneaked away, leaving her and her shame as the reward of my hospitality. But I fled from both her and her shame, leaving her my money and my curse for her consolation. (*Pulls paper out of envelope.*) What's this—a marriage certificate! They were married, afterall. He said he had lost the certificate, but I wouldn't believe him. Maybe I have been too fast. I'll read the letter. (*Reads.*) "Dear father"—(*To audience.*) What an affectionate son-in-law. (*Reads.*) "You stirred up the miners against me; and to save my neck from the rope, I had to leave without a parting word. (*To aud.*) Yes, the miners would have hung him; and I'd about concluded to help them. (*Reads.*)" I have sold my interest in the mine for nine thousand dollars. I now have plenty of money. Upon my return I readily found out your whereabouts. My baby, Litta, is with me. I found her at the widow Harmon's Bida has disappeared. She is gone, we know not where. I shall start out in search of her, tomorrow morning." (*To aud.*) I have committed a great wrong. Oh, why was I so hasty and so cruel! Her spirit has haunted me, ever since I came to these

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mountains. Many a night, as I walked to the spring, it has appeared to me. Stood right before me—a bright and shining mystery. But when I saw it, I cursed it; and it sadly vanished away. Poor, poor girl! Oh, bow I have wronged her! But I loved her; worshiped her. I could not bear even the idea of her being a creature of shame. The very thought of it, drove me mad! (*Rushes out of cabin.*) Daughter! Bida! My child, 'my child! (*Blue light on eminence back R: Bida appears, hair down and all in white.*) Oh, dear spirit forgive me! (*Clasps his hands and falls to knees.*) Forgive thy erring father. Nightly I have cursed thee, but I will curse no more. Forgive me dear shadow of wrong and sorrow, or my heart will break. (*Sobs and cries.*)

Bida. (*Tremulous voice.*) I forgive you. (*Disappears.*)

Pete. (*Rising from knees.*) She's gone! Oh, God, what is this? A ghostly shadow of the mind; or, Thy visible reproof to a guilty conscience?

Enter Hemp and Jim L.

Hemp. You bet, I got away from the Dutch fool. (*Sees Pete.*) Hello, Pete!

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Pete. You here! Why have you come at this late hour, Hemp Rooden? To murder me?

Hemp. No, Pete; I've come to make up with you.

Jim. (*Aside.*) He's a bird, isn't he? A jay-bird.

Hemp. Come, Pete, let's go into the cabin, and have a talk.

Pete. (*In front of cabin door, picks up ax.*) No man enters this cabin, except over my dead body. So leave me, Hemp; and we'll settle our difference at some other time and place.

Hemp. No, Pete, not until we shake and call it square,

Pete. (*Putting down ax.*) Well, there's my hand. (*They shake.*) This settles it. Now, go.

Hemp. No, I want to talk to you about this mine. Will you sell it?

Pete. No.

Hemp. Not for twenty thousand?

Pete. No, Hemp, not now. My brother is coming out for a season; and we are going to develop the mine together. He has plenty of money.

Hemp. Your brother is dead. Jim, give Pete that telegram, you brought from town this morning.

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Jim. Here it is, Pete. (*Gives Pete telegram.*)

Pete. (*After reading telegram.*) Yes, killed in a railroad wreck. Signed, Maria—my sister. John's money goes to his children. That defeats all my plans. I cannot open the mine.

Hemp. Yes, you can, Pete. I'll show you a way out. There's an old chap, rich as a Jew, looking for a mine. He's a cousin of Jim's.

Jim. (*Aside*) Yes, a forty second cousin on the north side

Hemp. And he'll not buy a foot without Jim recommends it. Now, if you will sell this mine to me under a consideration of twenty thousand, to be paid in ten days, we'll take the affair in hand. We'll make the papers so they are no good until the money is paid. Jim is a notary, and can witness the transaction.

Pete. (*Aside.*) I have n't much confidence in this fellow; but, if the papers show no transfer until the money is paid, they are worthless in case of default. If he pays, I will then have money enough to go and search for the daughter, I have wronged—search until I find her.

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Hemp. Well, what do you say?

Pete. I'll do it.

Hemp. Then we will go inside, and fix up the papers.

Pete. No, I'll bring out the candle, and we can do the business here.

Hemp. Well, have your own way, Pete. I'll do the best I can to show you, that I'm your friend. I can do no more. I might have put up some other claim, equally as good as your's; but you are an old man, and I want to help you, if I can. (*Pete goes into cabin.*)

Jim. Hemp, you're a bird!

Bida (*Peeps over eminence R. Speaks with low sepulchral voice.*) A vulture!

Hemp. (*Seizing Jim.*) Who's a vulture?

Jim. I didn't say anything about vultures. (*With trepidation.*) Did you?

Hemp. No, you fool!

Jim. Th—then, who did say it? I've heard there was a spirit around this place. They call it, the Shining Mystery. Molly says she's seen it.

Hemp. Molly keeps plenty of spirits. Why shouldn't she see some?

Jim. But they're not this kind.

Pete. (*Coming from cabin with pen,*



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*ink, and candle*) I've brought pen and ink.

Hemp. (*Showing bottle.*) And I've brought the bottle, As soon as the business is settled, we'll have a good drink all around, and part in peace.

Jim. (*Aside.*) I don't want any. Ugh, "Rough on rats!"

Pete. (*Crosses to Jim L. Gives him pen and ink.*) You hold the pen and ink, Jim.

Hemp. (*Sets bottle on stump and takes out paper.*) Read this paper, Pete. (*Gives Pete written document. All sit down on stage. Form semicircle, facing audience. Pete, C. Hemp, R. Jim, L. Pete sets down candle in front of him; puts on glasses, and reads document to himself.*) You see, Pete, it's all made to me. Jim wants to appear as a disinterested party. That will give strength to his recommendation.

Jim. (*Aside.*) If there was any strength to my recommendations, I'd have sold the Gold Bird, long ago.

Pete. This is all right, Hemp. Let me read it again. (*Pete peruses.*)

Hemp. A dozen times, Pete, if you want to. (*Low mysterious music. Bida steals forth from R. to stump; empties*

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*bottle, and steals off L. Music stops.)*

Pete. Hemp, I'll sign this.

Hemp. Go ahead, old boy; for it is twenty thousand in your pocket, sure.

Pete. (*Signs.*) There, Hemp, that settles the deal. (*Gives Hemp document; picks up candle. All rise.*)

Hemp. Now, we'll have something. (*Takes up bottle.*) Why the bottle's empty! Did you drink that, Jim?

Jim. Me-e-e-e?

Hemp. It's deuced queer! (*Drops bottle on stump and advances.*) Well, Pete, get us some of your best ore. I must have something to show.

Pete. I have some good specimens in the cabin—

Hemp. That wont do, Pete; I must have specimens, I see come out of the mine.

Pete. I've cleaned up the floor—

Hemp. Then, put in a shot. We can wait 'till you drill.

Pete. The holes are all ready. I drilled them this morning. I always fire my blasts at night. This gives time for the smoke and powder smell to clear away by morning.

Hemp. Well, take down some giant; and load her up and touch her off; and,

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as soon as the smoke clears away, you or I can go down long enough to get a few good specimens.

Pete. (*Gets sticks of giant powder and loading tools back L. and, then, advances to shaft.*) You feel confident, Hemp, you will have the money for me inside of ten days?

Hemp. (*Advancing to Pete L. Jim R.*) I know I will.

Pete. (*With candle still in hand, getting into shaft.*) Well, then, I'll get you the specimens. And when you see them, mark me, you will open your eyes. This mine is rich, Hemp, rich in free gold; but I am too old and too poor to open it up. (*Descends into shaft.*)

Hemp. (*Advances to shaft—Chord.*) Mine, at last!

Jim. What are you going to do, Hemp?

Hemp. Perfect my title to this claim. Bring me that ax near the door.

Jim. (*Getting Hemp ax.*) What you going to do with the ax?

Hemp. Chop away the upper section of the ladder.

Jim. Then, how will he get out?

Hemp. The blast will blow him out.

Jim. Oh, Hemp, no! For God sake, no!

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Hemp. Hands off, you coward, or I'll cut you in two! (*Chops ladder.*) There goes the ladder! It may strike him, and finish him before the blast.

Bida appears L. with ghostly and tragic movement. Jim sees her; gives a yell, and rushing off R, runs into Polie, who is just entering, and knocks him down.

Hemp. (*Seeing Bida*) The spirit, by thunder! (*Rushes off R.*)

Polie. (*Sitting up.*) Dot must'a bin a sowclone, vot struck me. (*Stands up: sees Bida.*) Vot's dot? Der ghost! Oh, my! Scat! (*Bida becons to him.*) Nein, I dont bin acquainted mit you.

Bida. (*Advances to shaft and peers in. Moon rises. Speaks plaintively.*) Help, man, help!

Polie. Der ghost is in trouble. Und a nice, leedle, vomen ghost. I help her anyvay. I don't bin afraid of anytings, ven I don't vas scart. Vell, Miss Ghost, vot can I do vor ycu?

Bida points down shaft. Polie advances to shaft with fear and trembling, and looks in.

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Polie. You don't vant me to go down in dot deep, dark hole, do you? Ow, nit!

Pete. (*In shaft.*) The ladder—the blast!

Bida. (*Kneeling and looking in shaft.*) It is Bida, father. Shall I let down the windlass rope to you?

Pete. No—the ladder—the blast!

Bida. (*Rising.*) He is dazed with fright.

Bida runs back and brings section of ladder and thrusts it into shaft.

Pete. Quick—the blast!

Bida. There, I've locked it into the old ladder. (*Motions to Polie to assist her.*)

Polie. You shoost vant me to hold der ladder mit you. (*Takes hold of ladder with her.*) Kennen sie Deutch sprechen?

Bida. Hold fast, my friend, or my father is lost.

Polie. (*Aside*) Der ghosts vater—das ist der dyvel! (*Pete groans.*) He's coming oop! (*Dolefully.*) Und I'm holding der ladder for him Oo.ow!

Bida. Steady, friend!

Bida grasps Pete, as he comes

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out of shaft and hurries him to  
to rear C.

Polie. (*Letting go the ladder.*) Dere  
goes der ladder down der shaft, und  
every hair in my het mit it.

Pete. Is it really you, Bida?

Bida. Yes, father, I am the Shining  
Mystery.

Pete. (*Throwing his arms about her.*)  
My daughter, my daughter!

Bida. (*Picks up Polie's gun and gives  
it to father.*) Come, father. Quick!  
They may come back and kill you.  
(*Hurries him off L.*)

Polie. Der ghost has found her fater:  
maype her motter is in der hole, too.  
(*Blast goes off, knocks him down to  
sitting posture.*) Der olt lady is  
coming!

To imitate blast, gun is fired off  
left; and powder in a pan down  
the shaft touched off. As the  
smoke rises from the shaft a  
handful of pebbles is showered  
on stage from the right.

CURTAIN.

## THE SHINING MYSTERY. 29

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### ACT III.

SCENE I. Same as scene first, act second. Windlass rope in shaft.

Jim. Here is Pete's cabin.

John. He may be inside. I'll go and ascertain. I haven't seen him for years. (*Enters cabin; looks around; exits into room, back.*)

Maria. This formation, Mr. Krimmer, is quite irregular.

Jim. Nature's junk shop, ma'am, nature's junk shop.

Maria (*Chipping with little hammer.*) This is all archæan.

Jim. Yes'm. (*Aside.*) I wish, I was in the ark—Noah's ark.

Maria. And here are the scratches upon the rock.

Jim. Yes'm, there's been some tall scratching here.

Maria. This is all the work of the ancient ice period.

Jim. It certainly was. (*Aside.*) I feel like a cake of ice, whenever I look at that shaft.

John. (*Coming from cabin.*) He is not in the cabin.

Jim. Probably off on a tramp.

(*Aside—advancing R.*) A tramp from which he will never return. Oh, Lord!

John. (*Exhibiting specimens.*) Maria, here are some of the finest free gold specimens, I have ever seen. If this mine contains much of this material, it is one of the richest. I wish Peter was here. The cabin is unlocked. He cannot be far away.

Jim. (*Aside.*) No—only a few feet.

Enter Hemp L.

Hemp. (*With hand on windlass*) This is my mine.

John. Your mine! How so, sir?

Hemp. I bought it, yesterday.

John. Peter was a fool to sell it.

Hemp. I purchased it for a wealthy syndicate. I shall close the deal in three days.

John. What was the consideration?

Hemp. Sixty thousand dollars.

John. (*Aside.*) If there is much of this ore in the mine, it is worth a million. I must examine the ledge. (*Aloud.*) Will you permit me to examine the ledge?

Hemp. Certainly. I'll go with you.

Jim. (*Aside.*) My time has come!

John. (*Going to rear of shaft and*



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*looking in.*) Why, the ladder is broken away! Peter may have fallen, and be lying dead at the bottom of the shaft.

Maria. Oh, horror, brother!

Jim. (*Aside.*) That's where he is, dead as a mackerel and peppered with free gold specimens. If I was a bird, I'd fly—I'd fly!

John. (*Picking up candle.*) Here is his candle. I'll go down on the rope.

Maria. Oh, no, John! You might fall.

John. Fall! You forget, sister, that I served five years before the mast. Give me a rope to hold to, and that is all I ask.

Hemp You lower me first, mister. (*Aside*) I'll not trust that Krimmer. As soon as the business is settled, I'll settle him. (*To John.*) I'm ready, sir. Give me the candle.

John gives candle to Hemp;  
grasps windlass crank right side;  
Hemp gets on windlass rope,  
and John lowers him. Then,  
John goes to front of shaft, and  
takes hold of rope.

John. When I shake the rope, Mr, Krimmer, you will wind up. (*Slides down rope.*)

Jim. Yes, sir. [*Aside.*] I'm wound up, already. (*Crosses to shaft and looks in.*) He's down— (*Is seized with a sudden remorse of conscience. Rushes to Maria with terror and trembling.*) Oh, Miss Merton, I'm a terrible wicked man.

Maria. What do you mean, Mr. Krimmer?

Jim. I mean, I'm a cheat—a swindler—a highwayman—a murderer—

Maria. Mr. Krimmer, if you say another word, I'll scream.

Jim. Don't, ma'am, don't! I only want to confess. We sent him down the shaft with a candle; and Hemp, that man who is down in the mine with your brother, chopped away the ladder, and Pete was blown to pieces by the blast. He, now, lies a dead and mangled corpse at the bottom of the shaft. (*Maria screams.*) Oh, spare me, spare me! (*Falls prone before Maria. Polie crawls out from under bunk in cabin. Has bloody rag around head.*) Don't let them hang me!

Polie. I dreempt, I heard somepotty scream.

Maria. Help!

Polie. (*Rushes on from cabin.*) Vot's der matter, voman?

Oh, protect me!

Polie. Vot shall I brotect you vrom?

Maria. That man

Polie. Vell, he's—

Maria. Look—the rope—quick—it moves—wind it up! John, my brother is in the shaft with a stranger—the man who murdered, Peter.

Polie. Vot's his name?

Maria. (*Pointing to Jim.*) That man called him, Hemp.

Polie. Der gelt-sviper! (*Runs to right of windlass; winds crank violently; section of ladder comes up on rope.*) Dot's der pisiness, vot I dropped last night, ven der hair flew oud of my het.

Jim. (*Jumping up and rushing to Polie.*) Don't let them hang me!

Polie. (*Smashing him and knocking him down.*) Be quiet! You scare me to det mit your lunatics. (*Maria staggers.*) Vot's der matter mit der voman? (*Catches her in his arms. She faints.*) She's done kiboodled!

Enter Molly R.

Molly. Polie, what's the matter?

Polie. Die voman's kiboodled, Molly.

Molly. You're huggin her, ye thaif!

Polie. (*Throwing her to Molly.*) Take

her—der rope's viggling.

Molly. What's the matter wid your head?

Polie. I struck it against a sowclone.

Molly. [*Pointing to Jim.*] And what ails that feller?

Polie. He's got gramps, und he's layin down to gount 'em.

Molly. May the divil twisht'im! (*Places Maria on rock R.*) Say, Polie, what's the matter here, anyway?

Polie. Ghosts—murter—shootin, und kiboodling. Dot's Vot's der matter, Molly.

Molly. The Lord save us!

John. (*In shaft.*) I am on the ladder, coming up. Lower the windlass rope to me. (*Polie lowers rope.*) Steady! Now, swing the rope over and I'll climb out. (*Polie swings rope over.*) There! Hold the crank. (*Polie holds windlass crank; John climbs out on rope.*) It is all right, Maria: Peter is not in the mine.

Maria. (*Rising and advancing.*) Thank heaven!

Jim. The blast blew him out. Oh, I can't hang. (*Rushes into cabin. Polie lowers rope full length.*)

Molly. How do you know, 'til you thry, you sniveler! Sure, that feller

is goin mad wid the bug faiver.

Polie sits on windlass crank;  
takes out pipe; lights it and  
smokes.

John. What is the matter with  
Krimmer?

Maria, Oh! he has confessed all:  
how he and the miner, you went down  
in the mine with, overcame Peter; and  
chopping away the ladder, left him to be  
blown to pieces by the blast.,

John. You don't say so! (*Takes out  
paper.*) Then they must have obtained  
this paper by fraud. I have just paid  
the fellow, down in the mine, one  
thousand dollars, in cold cash, for it.

Polie. (*Rising.*) Is dot so!

John. Is that you're husband, Molly?  
(*Polie drops his head.*)

Molly. (*Squirming.*) No, sir. It's  
Polie-- one av the bravest min--

Polie. Der rope's viggling, Molly.

Molly. Thin let it wiggle!

John. Are you hurt, sir?

Polie. Nein.

John. This Hemp must not escape.

Polie. How gan he? He's down der  
hole, und gan't get oud, undil I pull  
him oud.

John. But I want my money.

Polie. I'll go und ged it. (*Slides down windlass rope.*)

Molly. (*Turning.*) Where's, Polie?

John. Gone down the shaft.

Molly. What for?

John. My money.

Molly. And is Himp, there?

John. Yes, ma'am.

Molly. See, the rope's shakin. Let me at the windlass. Come, sir, help me. (*Molly goes to right of windlass; John to left.*) Now, slow and stidy, sir.

Jim comes from cabin. Groans.

Molly Another cow gone! (*They wind.*)

Polie. (*In shaft.*) Hold, steaty und fast. I'm on der ladder, goming oop; der odder veller's on der rope. Put down do' liddle shtep-ladder, so I gan gome oud.

Molly. Hold the crank, sir. I'll give him the ladder. (*Puts down ladder to Polie.*) Now, aisy, Polie.

Polie. Holt solit, Molly, or I'll go to der bottom of der sea in a minnoot. (*Molly holds ladder; Polie comes out on it, pistol in hand. Goes to crank, and winds with John. Hemp appears in shaft with rope around waist.*) Here, Molly, holt der grank. (*She holds crank.*)

Easy—now, oop a liddle. (*Pulls Hemp out front by colar, covering him with pistol.*)

Jim. Hemp, I have confessed all.

Hemp. (*Springing on him like a fiend*) You have, have you!

Maria screams, and runs into cabin. and off R.

Molly. (*Following her.*) Niver moind, Miss Merton, Polie'll take care av thim,

Jim. Oh, stop him! (*John about to interfere.*)

Polie. Led'em fight it oud, sir. Of dey kill each odder, dot saves der hanging Dake dis pistol, und vatch dot dey don't get away, (*Gives John pistol out of belt; keeps one in hand. Hemp and Jim struggle from R. to shaft.*) Vatch'em, sir!

Molly. (*Callinig.*) Oh, Mr. Merton, you're sister has a fit.

John runs into cabin and off R.

Jim. Don't murder me, Hemp.

Hemp. You curl

Jim. You're strangling me, Hemp.

Hemp. I'll kill you, you driveling coward! (*Swings Jim around into shaft.*) In you go! (*Jim clings to Hemp; pulls his legs into shaft.*) Be carefull! I've got giant powder and caps in my

pocket.

Jim. Don't drop me, Hemp.

Hemp. (*Beating Jim on head with fist.*) Down you go, you white livered scab! (*Jim disappears into shaft with terrific yell.*)

Polie. Dere goes number vone; (*Aside*) und here is goes number two. (*Pushes Hemp into shaft.*) Dot's der end of deir mongey pisiness.

Loud report heard; Hemp's old hat and smoke comes up out of shaft. Polie puts pistol in belt; takes out pipe and tobacco; fills pipe; takes off coat and lays it on stump; sits on stump, and lights pipe and smokes. Enter Molly from cabin.

Molly. Polie, what was that awful noise?

Polie. Anodder sowclone, Molly.

Molly. An where are the min?

Polie. Down der hole.

CURTAIN.

#### ACT IV.

SCENE I. Inside Molly Moriarity's cabin. Table R. Chairs around room. Molly discovered.

Molly. Sure, the ind of villany is



dith. The scoundrels got their just desarts. I tould Bida her husband was here; and, that she may now come out of her hiding. The work of the Shining Mystery is done. Bless her, poor choild, I've fed her and watched over her, while she hovered around the dure of the father who cursed her. Sure, but it'll be a tiuder mating between her and her husband, and her swate little babe!

Enter Bida at door, cautiously.

Bida. Molly?

Molly. Bida, me jewel, are you come!

Bida. Is he here?

Molly. No, Bida, dear, he wint over to Velton's with your father to mate your paiple.

Bida. Did you tell him?

Molly. Not a word.

Bida. And my babe?

Molly. She's with your husband.

Bida. And do you expect them soon?

Molly. Ivery wane av thim'll be here, before we know it. Hush! there's some one, now. Just run into that room, and kape yourself close. Oh, but it'll be a surprise!

Bida. Oh, my sweet babe, to clasp you to my breast! This will be a day of recompense and joy, indeed! (*Polie*

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*sings outside. Exit Bida R.)*

Enter Polie at door.

Polie. Vell, Molly eferytings is all right. (*Takes out pipe and fills it.*)

Molly. Yis, Polie.

Polie. You nefer saw such huggin und hant shakin as dere vas oop dere, ven dose peobles met. I vas so obdoodled by der sight of it, dot I shook hants mit meinself.

Molly. Sure, Polie, there's more joy and surprise for thim yet.

Polie. Is dot so!

Molly. They have'nt seen the ghost yit.

Polie. I saw dot, Molly. Und it do dis. (*Becons with finger.*) Dot means, it wants me. Und I see, it vas a nice liddle voman ghost. so I go und help her.

Molly. Ah, Polie, I'm afraid, it's the women you're fond of. (*Looks at him coquettishly. Polie sneezes.*) Go on wid your story.

Polie. Den I took holt of der ladder; und, priddy soon, I hear some vone comlng oop. It vas der dyvel; und der ghost grapped him, und run away mit him. Oh, my! I vas so scart, der hair all flew oud of my het. Look vonce. (*Takes off cap and shows bald head.*) Den bang goes der shaft hole, und knocked

me flat down on my—back. Ach! I tought I vas det.

Molly. By the powers, you had a wild time of it, Polie.

Polie. I don't vant any more ghost.

Molly. Weil, Polie, where are ye goin now, an what are ye goin to do?

Polie. I don't know, Molly. I like it priddy vell, right here. [*Sits down.*]

Molly. [*Moving up to him.*] Sure, Polie, I belaive this'll be a good camp. (*Smiles at him coquettishly; nudges him.*)

Polie. (*Sneezing.*) Molly, ven you look at me lke dot, you obdoodle me.

Molly. Do I, Polie?

Polie. Ya-ah.

Molly. Faith, Polie, I've fallen in love wid the Dutch, since I saw you.

Polie. (*Jumping up.*) Is dot so! Vell, Molly, I shoost—(*Earnestly.*) sometimes feel,—ven I denk of you—(*Molly smiles at him coquettishly.*) Have you got a match?

Molly. No; but I have a pin. (*Sticks him.*)

Polie. (*Jumping.*) Is dot so!

Molly. Sit down here and watch the house, until I come back. I want to go up the road a pace and see, if thim paiple are coming. And moind, now, if

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any one comes, while I am gone, you be very unconsairned; bekase, there's a sacret here that must be hid.

Polie. Ungonzairned? You mean like dis? (*Whistles; and assumes an unconcerned air.*) Is dot it?

Molly. The very thing. (*Going.*) Now moind, Polie,—unconsairned; for there are plinty av pryers around.

Polie. I don't know vot dot zecret is; but, you bet, I be ungonzairned. (*Exit Molly at door.*) I like dot Molly priddy vell. She don't vas afraid of anydings. Of she try to marry me, I let her, by tam. I tought I heart somepotty. I must be unconzairned. (*Sits in chair at table and whistles.*)

Enter Bida R.

Bida. I cannot restrain my impatience. Why do they not come! Molly gone, too! May be I can induce this German to go and hurry them up. It is the same noble fellow who assisted me so bravely upon that fearful night.

Polie. Dere's somepotty, sure. Dey vill see I bin plenty unconzairned.

Bida. I must see my child, at once. My good friend,—(*Polie's whistle grows weak.*) will you—

Polie. (*Polie turns head; sees Bida.*)  
Der ghost! [*Jumps over table; falls on  
back, and pulls table over on him.*)]

Enter at door: Molly, and Paul  
leading Litta; Pete, Maria, and  
John.

Molly. Paul Eaton, there stands  
your wife, Bida.

Bida. Paul!

Paul. Bida!

Bida. My babe, my babe! (*Clasps  
Litta.*)

Peter. God bless you, my children!  
Bida here is your uncle John. You have  
met Maria. (*Maria and Bida embrace  
and kiss.*) -

John. (*Taking Bida's hand.*) When  
I last saw you, Bida, you were a babe in  
your mother's arms.

Molly. Who upset the table? (*Sets  
table on legs—sees Polie.*) Why, Polie,  
what's the matter?

Polie. (*Rising.*) I bin unconzairned.

Molly. Why did you pull over the  
table?

Polie. I saw dot ghost.

Molly. There's no ghost. Look, there  
she is; the daughter of the man you  
helped out of the shaft, and the wife of

him you rescued from that villain, Himp.

Polie. Is dot so!

Bida. Here is my hand, my noble fellow. It will convince you, I am flesh and blood.

Polie. (*Takes her hand.*) I hope, you excuse me, missus, for tooking you for a ghost; but, by jimminie, I tought you vas. You priddy near kiboodled me.

Bida. Well Polie—that is your name, I believe—

Polie. Yah, my name is Polie—Polie Dobenheimer.

Bida. We shall take you and dear faithful Molly into our family circle.

Polie. How is dot, Molly? Are we going to be a vamily?

Molly. Jist as you say, Polie. (*Polie sneezes.*)

Paul. Dear Bida, faithful wife, faithful daughter, faithful mother, and faithful friend, surrounded by our encompassing loves, cold censure steals away.

Bida. Dear Paul, in peace and plenty, a mother's joy, a husbands love, and father's blessing, ends my service as the Shining Mystery.

CURTAIN.



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